THE PACIFIC

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

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THE EVERDAY.

Oh, one might be like Socrates
To lift the hemlock up,
Pledge death with philosophic ease
And drain the untremblig cup;
But to be barefoot and be great,
Most in desert and least in state,
Servant of truth and lord of fate!
Who does not marvel at the peak
Trod daily by the steadfast Greek?

Oh, one might nerve himself to climb
His cross and cruelly die,
Forgiving his berayers' crime
With pity in his eye;
But day by day and week by week
To feel his power and yet be meek,
Endure the curse and turn the cheek!
How may one even hope to be
As was the Jew of Galilee?

Oh, one might reach heroic heights
By one strong burst of power;
He might emblaze the whitest lights
Of heaven for an hour;
But harder is the daily drag,
To smile at trials which fret and fag
And not to murmur nor to lag,
The test of greatness is the way
One meets the eternal Everday.

Edmund Vance Cook.

THE PACIFIC

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2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The American Missionary Association reports ten Oriental churches and branch churches in California, with 521 members. The twenty-four mission schools have 2,109 pupils.

"The California Voice," the organ of the Prohibition party in California, carries at the head of its editorial columns the following rallying cry: "On to the White House in 1912." It does not seem to us that the Voice is on to the difficulties of its job. The advance that the Prohibition party will make toward the White House in 1912 is likely to be but little. We like better than that cry the one of the Anti-Saloon League, "The Saloon Must Go."

Writing in the Boston Transcript concerning the transformations being wrought in Idaho through irrigation Mr. John L. Matthews says of that state: "Going through it over and again one is continually impressed by the two elements, beauty and wealth. It appears a state with a tremendous future, from rich irrigated desert lands in the south, from magnificent forests and rich natural farms in the middle, from drained swamplands and forests in the Panhandle, from its countless mines, from its almost immeasurable waterpower and from its channels which with some little work can be made navigable through Washington State to the sea."

The Executive Committee of the American Missionary Association says of Alaska in its Annual Survey: "The Alaska-Yukon Exposition at Seattle has led the nation on a voyage of discovery. What had been supposed to be 'a territory of ice,' has been found to be a vast habitable country, with untold mineral wealth and agricultural possibilities beyond the dreams of men. We are glad to have a mission in Alaska. There are no waving fields of grain in or about the Eskimo village of Wales, but it is probably the largest Eskimo village in the world and it certainly has the largest Eskimo church. Our mission reindeer-herd paws off the snow and feeds and grows fat on the rich moss, and our Eskimo brethren get a living by hunting walrus and seal on the ice floes of the Behring Sea. There are no other inhabitants. It is a lonely life for the missionary and a most trying one. One year's experience has been enough for the good man who has last served us there, and our faithful and heroic Mr. Cross has self-sacrificingly left his family once more and gone back alone to carry the work another year, when he expects to be relieved by some brave young missionary with a good wife who will give permanent service, for Christ's dear sake, to these simple and trusting people."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

There are 40,000 more Indians in the United States than there were twenty years ago.

Springfield, Ohio's largest city without saloons, is having an industrial boom. There are many additions to factories and many new homes.

Three women now have place on the New York school board—a Protestant, a Catholic and a Jew, appointed by Mayor McClellan.

The Christian Scientists of San Diego are building a $50,000 church on $15,000 lots, and will put in it a $10,000 organ.

Not an opium poppy was grown in the Shansi valley in China this year. That province was formerly greatly given to the culture of the poppy for its opium product.

The University of Chicago has a School of Commerce and Administration which has a faculty of twenty-nine persons. While no special diploma is given, graduates who are candidates for United States consulships are certified to the President of the United States for appointment. The course occupies two years, and students are not admitted to it until they have completed two years of undergraduate work. The courses are intended, however, not merely as preparation for the United States governemt service, but for the larger foreign field in which the great exporting and importing interests of the country are concerned.

The forty-seven Chinese students who came to the United States recently were subjected to an examination outlined as follows in a Shanghai paper: "First day—Chinese literature and composition. Second day—English literature and composition. Third and fourth days—No examination. Fifth day—Results of preliminary examination announced. By this the number of 600 students was reduced to about eighty, and these were allowed to proceed with the examination. Sixth day—Algebra, plane geometry, German, French, and Latin. Seventh day—Solid geome-—Trigonometry, chemistry, and history of Rome and Greece."

Baron Shibusawa, Japan's foremost business man for nearly forty years, a member of the Commercial Commission visiting the United States, said in a recent address that he was convinced that Japan must in the future base her morality on religion. While he did not say that it must be the Christian religion, it was evident that he had this in mind. He said this: "It must be a religion that does not rest upon an empty or superstitious faith like that of some of the Buddhist sects in our land, but like the one that prevails in your country, which manifests its power over men by filling them with good works."

The library of the late John Henry Barrows has been given to Oberlin College by Mrs. Barrows.

Electricity is now used to purify the air of the Chicago Public Library. It is by means of what is called an ozone generator. "After the installation of the ozonizing apparatus it was found that the main reading room was completely deodorized, the air being freed of thatdisagreeable and deleterious odor which for years had so thoroughly permeated all papers, books, furnishings, etc., in this large room. The fresh sterilized 'mountain' air in the room reduced the humidity during the hot, oppressive days of summer, and greatly increased the comfort of the readers and employees. The installation renders the disinfecting of all books, periodicals, papers, etc., on the shelves, racks, tables, etc., an automatic process, keeping them constantly in a hygienic condition."

A short time before her death last April Madame Modjeska finished her memoirs, and the most interesting parts of them are to be published in The Century Magazine. The first installment appeared in the December number. It is said of these memoirs that they have the fascination of a work of fiction; that they abound in reminiscences of interesting persons in many arts and walks of life, and are full of wise and useful observations. Madame Modjeska says concerning her success: "It was not only by hard work that I gained my position on the stage. There was something else—my identifying myself with every part I played to such an extent that I pased really through all the emotions of my heroines: I suffered with them, cried real tears, which I often could not stop even after the curtain was down. Owing to this extreme sensitiveness I was exhausted after each emotional part, and oftentimes had to rest motionless until my strength returned. During my whole career I never succeeded in giving a performance without feeling the agonies of my heroines."

"The London Economist" says of the future of the Union Pacific railroad: "The total unpledged invested funds of the Union Pacific amount now to $210,000,000. So that nearly three-quarters of its investments are reinvestments of this illegal but wonderfully profitable holding. And here lies the point of uncertainty about the company's future. In the past it has, under the guidance of Mr. Harriman, indulged in speculation and stock dealing that do not come within the province of a railway, and are not justified even by success. Thanks to Mr. Harriman's genius, these particular speculations did, in fact, succeed; but a less keen insight or a turn of bad fortune would have produced a very different result, and left the company in a disastrous position. For the future, the directors' wise policy is clearly to leave stock jobbing alone, and concentrate their energies on their legitimate work—the management of the Union Pacific system. It seems necessary to insist on this point at the present time, as the balance of cash and short loans is unusually large, owing to the repayment of the Southern Pacific's loan of $45,000,000. What use the directors intend to make of this large amount of ready money is not clear, but it is to be hoped that they will not use it for purposes of speculative investment. In this matter the Harriman tradition is not one to follow."

THE MAN FROM KULING.

By W. N. Burr.

Readers of The Congregationalist will remember the recently printed illustrated sketch, " A Famous Chinese Summer Resort," written by Rev. J. H. De Forest, D. D., of Sendai, Japan. It pictures Kuling, a "growing missionary summer resort, 3,500 feet above the Yangtse Valley; twice as large as any other summer resort in China; Cosmopolitan with its 1,200 foreigners, representing over a dozen nationalities, who live in some 275 stone bungalows with broad piazzas."

Ten years ago a young lady just graduated from the Philadelphia Medical College, visited us in our home in Corona; just before sailing for China, where she was to work as a medical missionary under commission by the Presbyterian Foreign Mission Board. Her father was a well known Presbyterian Missionary to China, who first went out to that country nearly sixty years ago. This young lady was born in China, but had lived most of her life in this country. Now that she was ready for her life-work she had chosen the land of her birth as the field for her service. Her mother was at that time in China in missionary work. Together they went into the interior province of Hunan, the first white women to put foot on the soil of that province. They were just getting well settled to their work when they were driven out at the time of the Boxer troubles, and took refuge in Japan. Later, on returning to China, they went to Kuling, of which place Dr. De Forest writes: "It came within an ace of becoming infamous during the Boxer movement(1900), but the great minded Viceroy of this region was very unlike the inhuman governor of Shansi, who had every missionary in his province murdered. At that time some 250 foreigners were cooped up in this mountain park, not one of whom could have escaped had the Viceroy yielded to what is believed to have been the empress dowager's horrible order to kill all foreigners in China."

At Kuling our young medical missionary met the manager of the "Kuling Estate," who very soon decided that he had lived the bachelor life quite long enough. Some years before, he had gone out from his native England to China as a missionary of the Wesleyan Methodist church. After doing missionary work for a time his ability as a civil engineer and business manager had received recognition that brought him an offer of the position which he has since occupied. In yielding to the pressure brought upon him to enter a business life he gave up none of his missionary zeal, but laid his plans to make his life count for the Kingdom in the new line of service.

The manager of the "Kuling Estate" and the medical missionary were married. He is now manager, mayor, magistrate, and I know not how many more official **"m's"** — the "chief man" at the resort "up on Kuling." His wife's connection with the Mission Board was severed when she married, but the two are working for God and humanity, he to build up a Christian resort, and she as a Christian physician among the native people.

Last week the woman who left us ten years ago to go as a medical missionary to China came again to our home, bringing her husband and two little children. A prosperous business career has made possible a trip around the world, the chief object of which is to gather information that may be helpful in the further building-up of the "Kuling Summer Resort." Good roads, mountain railways, all sorts of "better things" that we have in America are being studied with a view to furnishing Kuling with the best of modern conveniences.

"We are trying to save lives," remarked the earnest hearted wife of the man from Kuling the other day, "and to save souls, too. There must be a spot somewhere in China, a healthful mountain locality, to which overworked missionaries and others from the valley regions, and little

children who are ailing, can go for health and rest; and Kuling is the place."

Kuling has but one church edifice, a fine, new commodious, well furnished building, which bears no denominational name. The Christian people work their church activities under a "constitution," but there is no church membership. The Episcopalians have their own service in the church at a certain hour each Sunday; at another hour the other "foreign" people gather for a union service; and later the native Christians have their service.

At a meeting of our Woman's Missionary Society which was addressed by Mrs. Berkin, she said: "It may interest you to know how I appeal to the heathen mind to make clear the idea of the One True God. I hold a globe in my hand, and I say: This globe represents the world. On this side is America, on this side China. Now, there is one Sun, and one only, to light the whole world. There is not one sun for America, and another sun for China; but America and China both get their light from the same sun. So there is just on God for the whole world. There is not one God for America, and another God for China, neither are their many gods; but there is just one great, powerful, wise, loving, Father-God for the whole world."

And so the "good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people is being carried from nation to nation. To use the words of Dr. John Henry Barrows: "The Church of God, built on the Incarnation and Resurrection, and holding from her temple's topmost spire the Cross, has seen imperial domains, and hoary superstitions, and theologies of error, and ten thousand airy speculations disappear, while she steadily expands her sheltering walls, and opens her shining gates to encompass all nations."

A JOTTING.

The New Bible and the Promises.

What this new Bible is, I do not feel myself competent to state positively and exactly, butI know that it is the same old Bible modified as to the conception of its various origins, by what is called the Higher Criticism: Relieved, by changed views of the method, or the degree of its inspiration, from many difficulties once found in it—especially in regard to its being the very word of God inerrant throughout. If we can be satisfied with this new Bible we are not obliged to explain away or to apologize for, the vindictive expressions in the Psalms, or the ill-conduct of many of the Bible worthies, or to attempt to reconcile its statements respecting the beginnings of things in creation or their on-goings in the material universe, with discoveries of modern science, and we may relegate most of its accounts of miracles to the realm of legend and myth. And brethren who thus view the dear old book find in all this, and in whatever else unknown to me there is for them in their new Bibles, great comfort. The book shines for them with a clearer light then ever before, and is studied by them with greater freedom, interest and joy.

I am in sympathy with much of this. I am eager to welcome whatever new light is to break forth from God's word, and nor less any new light about it. Yet I am not without concern when I see whereunto all this may grow and especially as to whether I am to be robbed by it of the **promises of God.**

I was conversing with an honored and beloved brother who has recently come among us, and who is, I judge an ardent, as certainly he is an intelligent, advisor and advocate of this sort of Bible. I was asking him how much of **authority** the Bible had, in this new view of it; whether we might think of God as, in any real sense, responsible for what the Bible teaches: or whether, as our fathers used wisely to say of the advice of Ecclesiastical Council: "There is first as much authority in it as there is of sound reason." He said, "I accept the Bible because it appears to me, and so far as it appeals to me." "But," I replied, "Does not that make you a Bible unto yourself? How about its appealing to the people: to the children of God in all ages?" He immediately modified his statement and replied in substance, if I correctly understood him, "I don't mean to set myself up as a final and conclusive arbiter: I mean that I accept the Bible in so far as it appeals to the Christian consciousness."

Now, again, I found him and myself standing on approximately common ground. I have great respect for the results of honest, cordial Biblical criticism unbiased by prepossessions, as e. g., those against the miracles or against predictions, or against any and all such tokens as these of the presence and sympathy and helpfulness of God as our Almighty and omniscient and ever present Father. I feel the worth and power of the external and internal evidences of Bible's claim to be, and at least to contain, an actual revelation from God, of God. But the strongest evidence of its Divine origin with me, is that one, the force of which all Christian believers feel, learned or unlearned, that it **"finds us,"** and finds us as no other book finds us, but as this one has been doing through successive generations, with millions upon millions of believers. Once their ears are opened to hear the voice of God, once they come to know that voice speaking to them in their hearts, they begin to hear it, now in whispers and again in thunders, in the Bible. It is that has maintained through ages past (and will do so for ages yet to come), the unique authority of **this** book as one for which we may hold God responsible.

This is vitally different from that view of the book which says: "Not the book, but the truth that is in the book, has authority: not the book but the righteousness there is in its precepts and the spirit of good will:—of Div vine love which on the whole pervades it—this has authority." All this throws me back again upon my self: what to me seems true and right in the Bible is Divine: all else is human.

What then becomes for me of the Bible promises? This is a practical question, and, for me at least, one vitally practical. I read, "Cease to do evil; learn to do well and your sins though as scarlet shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Shall I take these words and weigh them, and say, It would be like God, according to the idea I have of God, to do this; it seems to me reasonable; I will believe it?—or, does it come to me as God's **personal pledge** which I clasp to my heart and am at peace? When James wrote those words—those golden words, "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and **it shall be given him,"** was the good man giving simply

his opinion, or was he giving a true message from God to perplexed and praying men? I have found that promise trustworthy time and again and again. I have had untold comfort and courage and strength advancing into a darkened future, because I could feel that my Heavenly Father was leading me on. I could walk in a way I knew not, assured that He knew and his guidance cannot fail.

Among Americans—if I understand the facts correctly—Prof. George T. Ladd was the pioneer in the search for this new Bible, and the basis fact in his teaching so far as it contravened the accepted teaching of the past was this: that the Bible does not claim for itself what its advocates claim for it. But certainly it does claim to be the bearer to us of the **promises** of God:—**promises** I say—not probabilities, not human opinions, but such distinct pledges, —such "exceeding great and precious **promises**—as we may rest upon, guaranteed by the very truthfullness of God.

His very word of truth is strong
As that which built the skies.
The voice that moves the worlds along
Speaks all the promises. W. C. P.

THE CONSTITUTION AND GOVERNMENT OF SWEDEN.

By Prof. Granville F. Foster.

It seems to the writer, since the article on Norway has already appeared that he can best subserve the purposes of an introduction to the main subject of this article by comparing the two countries, which since the year of the famous Congress of Vienna to a time very recent formed two nations, united under one sovereign and so far as foreign relations were concerned substantially one government.

Norway is very long and narrow with a coast line, when compared with its area, of unparalleled length, a coast line indented by numerous fiords of extraordinary depth and length and narrowness. Sweden is more compact, comparatively short and wide, its coast-line but little over a thousand miles in extent and this latter indented by few fiords and these not remarkable for length or depth. Norway is mountainous throughout, a land of towering peaks, immense glaciers, sublime waterfalls. Sweden though an undulating country is mountainous only in the north and its glaciers and waterfalls though not insignificant are relatively so when those of Norway are considered. Regarding latitude, Norway has an unique climate. Situated between the parallels of 58 deg and 72 deg. north latitude, it has a climate as warm as that of New Hampshire, Vermont and Maine. From the effects of the Gulf Stream which becomes the almoner of the bounty of the Tropics, a temperate climate is preserved in Hammerfest, in latitude 71 deg., five degrees within the northern polar zone, for the average annual temperature of this most northerly city of the world is forty-three degrees Fahrenheit, about that of the city of Portland, Maine, and yet in winter in Hammerfest the sun is absent nearly three months. Sweden lies between the region thus warmed and the Arctic regions of Northern Russia. It is much warmer than Russia and considerably colder than Norway. While there is very little difference between Southern and Northern Sweden and while in Norway the summers are cool and the winters unusually warm, the reverse is true in Sweden. In Stockholm, the summer half of the year is very warm—100 deg. in the shade in July not being uncommon, but from forty to fifty degrees below zero in January is likewise not uncommon. In Norway there is some distinction of the four seasons, at least the cold weather comes on gradually. In Sweden there are practically only summer and winter, for at the close of the lovely Swedish summer, a certain day may exhibit that warm, pleasant, sunshiny weather so usual as the time for a change approaches and this may be succeeded the very next day with shivering winds and rattling hail—and winter has begun, probably to stay till the next summer.

Sweden has an area of 174,000 square miles, upwards of 50,000 more than Norway and its population is more than five times that of the same country, reaching considerably over six millions, or about the same that Belgium has. Of this number, nearly one-half are directly supported by agriculture in which the Swedes excel, notwithstanding the many drawbacks in climate and soil. Many thousands are engaged in mining, for Sweden has several mines of superior iron and copper ores, and commerce claims its thousands, the Swedish seamen being renowned the world over for their accurate nautical knowledge and their expertness in meeting unexpected difficulties in the times of storm and stress.

Sweden has had a brilliant history. Once she was the ditcating power in Europe. Every schoolboy knows of the times of the celebrated "Snow-King" Gustavus Adolphus, who joined the Protestant princes of Germany in the great thirty years war, contesting with the Emperor Ferdinand who stood for the Catholic cause and opposed the Reformation in Germany. There is no need here to talk of the awful battles in which Gustavus and Mansfield, generals on one side, met Wallenstein and Tilly, generals on the other, until at Luetzen the noble King of the North was slain and the war dragged on with such desolations that whole districts were depopulated until half the population and two-thirds of the movable property of Germany were swept away, making it true that some sections of Germany did not again contain as many homesteads and cattle as they possessed in 1618 until 1850. Think of such an awful war in the name of the Prince of Peace, both sides professing to be his servants and to be fighting for his cause! When in 1648 at the Treaty of Westphalia, the war ended, Sweden emerged from the long and awful conflict standing in the forefront of European nations. Her territory completely surrounded the Baltic. All of Finland, all of northwestern Russia, including the very site upon which in the next century, Peter the Great built Saint Petersburg, were hers. She exercised a commanding influence in the affairs of nations and her alliance was constantly sought. This proud position was occupied but little over a half century. In 1697 the "Glorious Madman of the North," Charles XII., became at 15 years of age, King of Sweden. Russia, Poland, Denmark and Brandenburg (this last, the nucleus of the modern Russia) fell like cormorants upon his territory to divide it up and take possession, but Charles proved a military hero, conquering all his enemies till at last in the fatal battle of Pultawa, Peter the Great in 1709 conquered him. Sweden was soon reduced almost to its present size, only a part of Finland remaining to it, and even this in the first decade of the nineteenth century Russia wrested from her, and of course she lost her commanding influence in

the affairs of nations and nations ceased to beg for her alliance, and from this time to 1788 when war with Russia commenced, she pursued a peaceful course, illustrating to some degree the old trite adage, "Happy is a people that has no history," but this is said in a political sense only, for this very uneventful political period was the "Golden Age" of Swedish commanding influence in the world in the domain of science and religion. This is the age of the immortal Carl von Linne, Linnaeus, as he is usually called, the very greatest botanist of all time, whose brilliant work turned to Sweden the eyes of scientists throughout the world. But little less in universal esteem in the same period was Andrew Celsius, the world-known astronomer, whose observations made at the university of Upsala have made that celebrated institution of learning a household word, throughout the world. Then John Ahlstroemer, during the same time was developing mills, factories, teaching a new agriculture introducing new plants, offsetting Linnaeu's intellectual work, and Olof Dalin was writing his grandest poems and that mystical man, Emanuel Swedenborg, scientists, philosopher and theologian, was studying as was never done before since Apostolic times God in nature and God in revelation. He like Milton undertook

To assert eternal Providence
And justify the ways of God and man,

and whether he did this or not, he certainly exhausted, in his Arcana Celesta, one of the strongest and most vigorous intellects of the whole world's history.

When Napoleon's meteoric career commenced, Sweden had already been drawn into the Maelstrom of the French revolution. She had already commenced a war with Russia. It would be interesting to speak of the history of these times but the lack of space forbids, suffice it to say that Charles XIII, the regining king in 1810, being childless, Sweden elected as Crown Prince, Charles Bernadotte, who had been one of the Generals under Napoleon and had been created Prince of Ponte Corro. This was done to secure Napoleon's good graces but if that astute conqueror of Europe supposed his former subordinate was going to support him and his policy, he was miserably mistaken, for the new crown prince became suddenly Swedish, linked his fortunes with his native land and fought against his former master and because of his vigor, energy and persistence in this direction, Metternich and his friends of the Vienna Congress in 1815 confirmed the Swedish choice, so when Charles XIII died in 1818, Charles Bernadotte became king with the title of Charles XIV. This line of monarchs is greatly beloved by the Swedish people, and Oscar II who now rules is loved at home and respected abroad.

The Constitution of Sweden was first promulgated June 6, 1809, but there have been several very important amendments, the most noted of which were the amended Regulations for the National Legislature made in 1866.

The king must be a Lutheran and swear allegiance to the laws of the land. His prerogatives are: first, to sit in the High Court of Justice; second, to grant pardons; third, to conclude treaties; fourth, to declare war or peace; fifth, to appoint all civil and military officers; sixth, to exercise an absolute veto. As a prohibition, the king cannot appoint any member of his family to a civil office.

The national legislature or parliament consists of two chambers. The first or highest consists of 150 members. These 150 members represent the 25 provincial assemblies and the five principal cities of Stockholm, Goeteborg, Norrkoping, Malmo and Gefle. A candidate must be 35 years of age and besides he must either own property at least to the value of $2200 or have an annual income of $1200 (much larger in purchasing power in Sweden that in America). The term of a member is nine years, and each member must serve without pay.

The Second Chamber has 230 members. Of these 150 are elected by rural constituences and only 80 by municipal ones. A voter must be native or naturalized, twenty-one years of age and with the following additional qualifications: namely, he must either possess property to the value of three hundred dollars or five years previously he must have been cultivating for a landlord $1600 worth of land. Should he not possess either of these qualifications, he will be allowed to vote if he should pay annually an income tax on the sum of $300 or over. No man can be a candidate for the Second Chamber till he is 25 years of age and of course he must be a native. The members of the Second Chamber are paid each $335 per annum, and traveling expenses.

The king has a Council of State of 11. Of these eight are Heads of Departments chosen like the English Cabinet for the National Legislature and responsible to the Second Chamber.

The government is well administered, the taxes are reasonable, education is fully provided for and the people avail themselves of its privileges and justice is carefully administered. There are hardly any poor in Sweden, nor are there any with colossal fortunes. The people are generally religious not in theory alone but in practice. The Lutheran church of late years has grown wonderfully earnest and evangelical and the former religion of forms has given place to a greater vitality. Sweden may be a cold land physically but it is warm mentally, morally and religiously, and here in concluding it is well to say that no Europeans make better citizens of the United States than do the immigrants from this northern land, and none support the American system of government or become more loyal than these.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

Great Luck Fishing.

At last I am solaced for my failure to land my own salmon after gaffing great gamey fellows on a memorable day on the Bay of Monterey for Doctor McLean, Secretary Tenney and Professor Show. Mr. Edward Brooks of San Diego, feeling sympathy for his kinsman that baracuta and salmon had always eluded him, took me on a splendid cruise out on the wide Pacific into Mexican waters and around Corpus Christi—the northernmost of the Coronado Islands. Thinking a parson might be lonely without a church he took also a fisherman of that name who mightily loved the angler's art.

We were all too venerable for white ash breezes. Sailing was a little too slow in this day of automobiles and launches. It was my first experience with a tiny gasoline engine about as big as a cheese-box. The day was perfect—not hot enough to burn blisters, but tempered by

very slight clouds. Great pelicans, birds never yet on my string of game, were abundant enough to satisfy that might hunter Clapp, whom I saw bag at Klamath Lake the only specimen I ever really coveted. The gulls, ducks and snipe knew I had left my No. 10 at home and swam near us as curious to see us as we them.

Down the beautiful bay, really like the Bay of Naples, our little yacht "Ida" bore us rapidly, the "chug chug" of her gasoline breath keeping time to the beating of our own eager hearts. Past Point Loma, away from kelp beds, out towards the rugged Island which loomed up like beautiful Capri we waited the word of the skipper whose diligent attention to his lines and boat denoted a man who meant business, and that the matter of giving his guests a good day rather than simply filling out eight hours time and collecting fare. Now our four lines are over. Who will get the first strike? Not I. Both my comrades landed, or boxed, great albercore before I did. Again the role of gaffer fell to me and my practice at Monterey was useful to my comrades. The fish, new to me, were handsome, gamey, heavy. Before we reached the kelp bordering the landward side of the island my turn came. Only a great sea bass weighing thirty pounds I captured off Montauk Point in Long Island Sound ever put so much sudden electricity into me as the silvery, diving, tugging twenty-five pound albercore who came to my box. My fish was smallest so far, but our triple catch brought up our spirits immensely as well as stories of Maine trout and Wisconsin and Minnesota pickerel that mingled lively memories of lake and woodsey joys with the glorious sniff of the salt sea. My lunch tasted good as we slowed up to put out a set line to fish for us while we steered around the island.

The saucy scream of our engine whistle waked up the wrathful old sea lion bulls guarding their harems on the seaward side. Lion puppies leaped and squealed at the roar of their fathers. Careful lionesses kept between us and their young lest we land and raid them. Great flights of cormorants raised from the guano beds their gluttony had whitened as if they feared our disturbance of their realm. What a day our quiet skipper was giving us! If he did not talk much he laughed and listened well.

Picking up our traul which we had left less than two hours we found rare sea plants and numerous and beautiful poli. Chief among them were two great golden-colored, white-toothed sheepshead whose jaws are worthy trophies for a cabinet of curios.

Turning home our fun began. We had three fish on three lines. Such big fellows too that it took two men to start them boatward until our craft could heave to. By the time two men had handled the gaff, putting the great fish after being killed by a humane blow, into the box, counting each man's share was no longer possible. Turning back over the same ground, even at the risk of darkness, we soon had four big fish tugging on four lines. I learned how sore fingers might become over jerking lines and arms get to aching. We filled our three great fish boxes and were ready for home. Two hours after, three as hilarious old fellows as ever boarded a trolley at the San Diego wharf carrying each as great a fish as we could lift to show to blessed waiting women, reached home rejoicing.

It took a wagon next morning to distribute our supplies to a grateful neighborhood. If you suspect any item of this story ask Brothers Abbott and Emerson whose brains fed on the phosphorus of our fish. Ask the skipper. If you want a day on old ocean you will never foget to charter the clean and tidy launch "Ida."

A Delightful Recognition Service.

After six months of grateful and growing acquaintance the church in Riverside has settled Rev. Horace Porter as their pastor. The paper he read November 16 to a large council in a full audience was unsurpassed in tennderness, illumination,directness, satisfactoriness by any I have ever heard on a like occasion. I paused before I wrote that sentence. His rich ministries as associate with Doctors Lyman Abbott and Bradford have been accompanied by peculiar and sweeping domestic bereavements and great personal illness and pain. But the grace of God and the glad gospel he preaches have brought him into the Christian brotherhood of this marvelous little city, and the climate and companionship are lifting up his heart. There were no questions about his sane and wholesome creed. I wish The Pacific might print the paper as a model. The council dinner took people away from the Glenwood. What more could be said in praise of the ladies part in it. The after dinner speeches were brilliant. Doctor Meredith's sermon was titanic. Doctor Goff's prayer was fitting. How a true pastor's work and influence abides! Doctor Day's fellowship of the churches was ideally given. I never felt his power more. All feel that Horace Porter is the one called of God to lead in building the new church which this flock owes to the Kingdom in this rare city.

The Daughter of the Inn.

I was guest at a rare hotel function the other evening. Pacific coast Congregationalists know about the "Mission Inn of California," and, judging by the wide and beautiful social and music hall a liberal share of eastern folk who fled the cold have learned where to seat themselves by an open, homelike hostelry fire. This banquet was a welcome home to the Daughter of the Inn—Allis Miller and her husband Dewitt Hutchings. They had their way in a very quiet wedding and going away; but who ever got the start of Frank A. Miller in a matter where his big heart was interested?

The daughter of the Inn was welcomed home like a queen. Banners of all nations intertwined with the Stars and Stripes upon the outer walls. The chimes rang jubilant strains. The room where President Taft banqueted was decorated by sympathizing and loyal help with all the heartiness of personal love. A great table full of affectionate and interested kin, who have grown up around this rare Christian homelike house, smiled upon this lovable pair who sat on either side of their proud father. He has presided at many brilliant boards but never at one to surpass this. Other tables held groups of old neighbors and guests who by many visits have grown to be honored friends of the family. The heart of the community was voiced in the prayer of the selected representative of the clergy. The new pastor Porter was both wise, warm and witty. Laymen, bankers, citizens rejoiced at the evidence of continuation of intelligent promotion of the great institution of the town. Ex-Pastor Goff, who had tied the significant knot, closed with the glowing panegyric of a warm personal friend. Verily it is a real mission these fortunate young souls have to keep up to the ideals of their father this notable Inn. Well said the veteran pastor Goff, "There are two inns in America where the Master towers above their loftiest turrets, Mohawk, under A. K. Smilly, and the

Mission Inn of Frank A. Miller." No smoking disturbed the ladies at this function. The ardent spirits were not bottled or hooped. The institution, for such it is, is just coming to its crowning experience in a building of monastery form where architecture combines the quaintness and beauty of the holy peace of prayer of the mission fathers—the first floor of which is to be devoted to these Sunday evenings of song and worship which add so much to the church services of this fortunate and high toned city. The pen of this loyal son of Oberlin would shrivel did he try to hold it still when the fruits of Frank Miller's saintly Oberlin parents appear in this significant Inn. Its chimes ring daily their prophecies of that time of which Zechariah wrote: "In that day there shall be upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord."

Riverside, Cal.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Suitable Child." By Norman Duncan. A charming little story—one that touches the heart strings. Tender throughout, it will put more of tenderness into many a life. It is a Christmas story, and the book with its beautiful illustrations will make one of the best of holiday gifts. (F. H. Revell Co., New York. $1.00 net.)

"The Chariots of the Lord." By Joseph Hocking. An historical novel in the times of James the Second of England and the cruel and odious Judge Jeffries! An interesting and striking picture of life as it was in England in those days! Worth reading both as fiction and history! (Eaton & Mains, New York. $1.50 net.)

"The Attic Guest." By Robert E. Knowles. Mr. Knowles has been called "the Ian Maclaren of Canada." The characters in his books seem very real, and especially so in this latest one, "The Attic Guest," which is a thoroughly captivating story, and one which touches life only for its betterment. This story will not disappoint; it will please, and will whet the appetite of the reader for more from the same source. (F. H. Revell Co., New York. $1.20 net.)

"The Big Brother of Sabin Street." By Mrs. I. T. Thurston. In this volume Mrs. Thurston carries along further the life of the young hero in that delightful book "The Bishop's Shadow." The little fellow who aspired to be the "shadow" of the great bishop becomes the Big Brother of Sabin Street, and finally one who has great part in moulding "the men of tomorrow." A wholesome book to put into the hands of the young. (F. H. Revell Co., New York. $1.00 net.)

"From My Youth Up." By Margaret E. Sangster. This volume of personal reminiscences by Mrs. Sangster, who by her many years of literary work has entered in an exceedingly helpful manner into many lives, is a very readable book. Young and old will enjoy it. A picture of such a life as Mrs. Sangster has led cannot help being an inspiration to all young men and young women who may be privileged to view it, and all along it has its lessons for all. In the closing chapter the author says: "The secret of remaining young is not in externals; it lies far deeper. The fountain of youth is in the soul. In vain are cosmetics and dyes and other artifices for the cheating of Time. Whoever would grow old gracefully must do so graciously. To remain receptive to good influences, to keep young people about one and share their ambitions and hopes, to continue in love with love, and to go on working steadily precisely as in earlier days, these are the recipes for being young to one's latest days." (F. H. Revell Co., New York. $1.00 net.)

"Quiet Talks on Home Ideals," by S. D. Gordon. It is said that this book came as a direct result of letters received and interviews sought regarding the true ideals of home-life, and asking about helpful literature on the subject. The talks run through a cycle of life, from the time of making the life-friendship and the home until the same sacred time in the life of those who come, and grow up in that home. The table of contents shows the scope: Ideals: God's Tuning-forks to Keep the Music of Life up to Concert Pitch; The Finest Friendship: The Rhythmic Living of Two Together; Home: Where Love Reigns and Trains; The Finest Friendship's Finest Fruit: In the Innermost Holy of Holies; Father-Mother: God's Fellow Creators; The Babe: A Fresh Act of God; Heredity: The Influences That Go Before; Training: The Influences That Come After. Mr. Gordon Always writes in an interesting and helpful way. About a half a million of his books are in circulation, others being "Quiet Talks on Service," Quiet Talks on Power," Quiet Talks on Prayer." (F. H. Revell Co., New York, 75 cents net.)

"The Immigration Tide: Its Ebb and Flow." By Edward A. Steiner. Twenty-eight years ago Dr. Steiner, now a professor in Grinnell College, Iowa, came to this country as an immigrant. Perhaps more than any other living man he has studied the immigrant both in America and in his native land. Several times he has crossed the ocean with them in the steerage. His book, "On the Trail of the Immigrant," written in 1906, is now in its fifth edition. In this new volume, Dr. Steiner shows in the first place the influence of the returned immigrant on the life of his home-land. Secondly he considers the relation of the various races, coming here, to our institutions—their attitude toward them and their influence upon them. As he contemplates what we give to those who come here and what those who go back give to their home-land he says that "the issues of the kingdom of God in this generation are with America." His studies lead him to the judgment that the immigrants of the present time are no more of a strain upon our institutions than were those of the past. Writing concerning the Protestant Church, Dr. Steiner says: "I am not at all concerned regarding the ability of the Protestant church to adjust other men to her needs or to adjust herself to theirs; but I am deeply concerned with her inability or unwillingness to make good her professions of democracy, and to relate herself in some vital way to these new citizens who are satiated by creeds but are hungry for brotherhood. * * So long as these people are within the sphere of foreign missions in 'Grenland's Icy Mountains,' or some other remote and romantic place, they are the subjects of prayer and the recipients of gifts of men and money; but when

drawn into the radius of one's immediate neighborhood, they become a peril which threatens everything, from the price of real estate to the foundations upon which the church rests." The book is a needed and timely one, and it is to be hoped that it will have wide reading. (F. H. Revell Co., New York; pages 379, $1.50 net.)

"The Crown of Individuality." By William George Jordan. Helpful and stimulating thoughts on a variety of important topics such as The Crown of Individuality, The Hunger of Life, The Mistakes of Life, Sitting in the Seat of Judgment, When We Forget the Equity, Running Away From Life, Optimism That Really Counts, Forgetting as a Fine Art. We quote a few scattered gems: It is not easy to live on the uplands of life; it was never intended to be easy; but oh—it counts. . . . Life is simply time given to man to learn how to live. Mistakes are always part of learning. The real dignity of life consists in cultivating a fine attitude toward our own mistakes and those of others. It is the fine tolerance of a fine soul. Man becomes great, not through never making mistakes, but by profiting by those he does make. . . . Happiness does not come from comparison of our lives with others; we have our own life to live at its best, not the lives of others. Let us get what we can from our own paper, our own meal, our own life. . . . Being hypersensitive to the opinions others have of us puts us into the false position of making their approval our court of appeals instead of our own conscience and self-respect. . . . There is entirely too much human judging, too much flippant criticism of the acts of others. Suspicion is permitted to displace evidence, cheap shrewdness to banish charity, prejudice to masquerade as judgment. We imagine, we guess, we speculate—then pass on through the medium of indiscreet speech and idle gossip that may bring bitterness, sorrow, heartache and injustice to others. . . . We may see an act, but have no luminous revelation of the motive behind it. . . . Only through sympathy can character be rightly understood. . . . Happiness is a manufactured article; it cannot be bought or sold; it must be home-made, by the individual himself. The only man for whom a ready-made Paradise was provided was Adam, and he spoiled it all and was evicted. All the other people have had to make their own paradises or go without." Persons looking for gift books this holiday season will find this an admirable one. It is full of seed thoughts for a wide range of situations and experiences in life. (F. H. Revell Co., New York, $1.00 net.)

"RECOLLECTIONS OF WASHINGTON GLADDEN."

By Charles R. BROWN.

We have had thirty one books from the pen of Dr. Gladden, good books all; and in "Recollections" we have a book both good and great. He has lived through seventy three eventful years, and by his editorial connection with the New York Independent, his pastorates of influential churches and his relation to important civic and industrial movements he has been a significant part of much of that history in this country.

He was present when a Christian pastor who ventured to pray that we might "remember our brethren in bonds" was rebuked by his church official for bringing politics into the pulpit and dismissed. He lived to see such an attitude of mind as extinct as the dodos. He began his Christian life when nearly all intelligent conscientious young men were puzzled and discouraged by the wooden dogmatism taught in the majority of churches—he has lived to see religious teaching in the main become rational and vital. He began his life when a personal fortune would be esteemed according to present estimates hardly a modest competence. He has seen the really huge fortunes pile up, made possible by the commercial chances at the time of the Civil War and still more by the effective combinations we know. And he has lived to see the economic judgment and the social conscience of the nation undertake to grapple with the consequent evils of this development in a way prophetic of untold good.

The "Recollections" are not all so encouraging. He was present at the Williams College dinner at Delmonicos and heard Garfield say, "A pine bench with Mark Hopkins at one end of it and me at the other is a good enough college for me"—and he has lived to see technical training unduly overshadow cultural studies, and to see the formative influence of a great personality in a college obscured by the emphasis placed upon those lines of study which will make the man more marketable.

His treatment of the follies which followed the War in the unwise attempts at reconstruction and his estimates of men and of measures at that period is most admirable. He has many a wise word, born of personal participation in efforts for civic advance, to say of municipal government. He was an editor of the N. Y. Independent when Boss Tweed stole somewhere from one hundred to two hundred millions of the peoples money and then impudently asked, "What are you going to do about it?" Dr. Gladden's rejoinder in an editorial the week following was this—"We are going to turn you and your creatures out of office. We are going to get back as much of the booty you have stolen as we can! we are going to use our best endeavors to send you to your own place, the penitentiary. We are going to make the city and the country too hot to hold you." It was a brave word of faith but it proved prophetic—in less than three months his hopes were substantially realized by the aroused and resolute civic spirit in the city of New York.

The reader will be intensely interested in the chapter on Horace Greeley, honest, earnest, forcible, warm hearted blundering man that he was up to the hour of his death, and in the sketch of his unhappy presidential campaign. He will be interested in the chapter on the trial of Prof. Swing of Chicago and the general futility of heresy hunting; interested also in Dr. Gladden's leadership of the protest against the soliciation of funds for missionary work from such sources are the head of the Standard Oil Co., and in the speedy effectiveness of that protest, derided though it was at first by many men and many journals who ought to have known better.

It is a most readable and rewarding book, looking out as it does upon life foursquare, north, south, east, west, in place of taking a hasty glance in a single direction—and because of this broad outlook it has in it the spirit of healthy optimism coupled with the discrimination of an intelligent and well seasoned critic of affairs.

He has been a busy man, serving acceptably and effectively the important churches of which he has been pastor, in North Adams, in Springfield, Mass., and in Columbus Ohio, giving all the while in generous measure time and strength as well to colleges, to social reform and to efforts after clean politics. His output of literary work as evi-

denced in the thirty one books and in magazine and newspaper articles by the hundreds, has been made possible by the fact that most of it first passed through his pulpit. "Did you ever hear me preach?" Coleridge asked Charles Lamb." Never heard you do anything else?" replied Lamb.

"My friends are quite entitled to say the same thing about me" says Dr. Gladden "and I do not wish from them any other verdict. Only I insist that the pulpit in these days has a wide field open to it and that everything which helps to prepare the kingdom for which we pray is within the purview of the preacher; In this volume most of the great themes which engage the judgment and the conscience of this eager, modern life of ours come in for notice, for elucidation and for a wise and friendly lift in such a way as to make the book a most stimulating one.

It is published by Houghton Miffin Co., of Boston. Price $2.

"MARCUS WHITMAN, PATHFINDER AND PATRIOT."
By Jonathan Edwards.

This book, by the late Rev. Myron Eells, D. D. is worthy of the subject and of the busy and consecrated author. I have just finished reading it, and do not hesitate in pronouncing it the best life of Whitman published. Truly has it been said that "it is a great memoir of history, heroism and humanitarianism." The author spent thirty years in his investigations preparatory to writing this great work. No other one could write such a history. Those who contributed toward the publication of it are worthy of commendation.

The book evidences the characteristics of the author, painstaking investigation, fairness and candidness, and sweet christian spirit. I believe that Dr. Myron Eells studied the subject with greater care, and had access to more material than any other biographer. It was my privilege to peruse the articles of the same author on Dr. Whitman as they appeared in "The Pacific," years ago, about fifty in number. He has much new material in the book and the literary work is better. The great missionary and patriot's traits are presented in a clear and strong light; his unflinching courage, unfalterable faith, indomitable will, unflagging zeal and devotion to duty. The character of Mrs. Whitman has also received due attention and portrayed in such a manner as to reveal her consecration to the Master.

It is exceedingly fortunate that this post-humous work of Dr. Eells has been published, for it is a great contribution to accurate history. The spirit exhibited in dealing with controversial points is commendable. This book should be in every Sunday school library, as well as every public library. It is published by "The Alice Harriman Company," Seattle, Wash. The make-up from the publishers standpoint is worthy of the work.

Sprague, Wash.

ENDEAVOR NOTES.

WM. H. SCUDDER.

Topic for Dec. 5th.--Life Lessons from First John. I Jno. 4:7-21.

..What a wonderful mechanism is the physical organism of the body. Its abilities to put forth energies of all kinds command the attention of everyone, they are so numerous and varied. But greater than these is its ability at revealing the unseen. Whatever the spirit thinks, or determines, or develops into, finds a manifestation through the body. After one has lived his allotted time, and drops the body, there comes to memory, more fully and decisively the life, the real life, which has been lived. The life of the spirit stands before us as manifested through the years. In the samemanner, the life of God was manifested through Christ's flesh. John saw it, heard it, handled it, because as the beloved disciple he came so near to the Master, and he testified to what he had experienced. It is this glimpse of life manifested which is so valuable to the world. Each of us may profit by it, for it was manifested with that in view.

When our Lord was on earth, the men of that age limited his work in various degrees. He desired to enrich certain places with those peculiar blessings which accompanied His signs, but "Could do no mighty work because of their unbelief." Is not the same true in this day? It is one of the most common notes in the mouths of church workers, and Endeavorers, "How much more we could accomplish if only these, who should, would lend their assistance." But in so much as they do not help, they do hinder. They place limitations on the time, strength, and labor of the willing workers. But do they not also limit Christ? His life and power could use their hands, and feet, their minds, and hearts, but they shut that power off, and render it useless. Are any of us thus limiting the power of Christ, in our society, our church, our community? There is a hint of all this and much more in chapt. 1:6, 8, 10, and 2:4—6.

"Love not the world," v. 15. Why not? Is it not good? Did not God make it? The Apostle directs attention here to an important matter. The world is to us what we chose to make it. The world is one thing when we center our affections upon it. Love of money, or of power, or of leadership, or of pleasure becomes a perverted love of these are made an end in themselves. These same elements to become very different to us if our affections are centered on God. Money would then help bring about the kingdom. Influence would always ennoble if he who had it loved God supremely. Pleasure would find less of a selfish outlet if it were an adjunct to our love for Christ. In a word, "The World," would be but a vast storehouse of tools, an emporium of instruments, which would be used for the highest purposes, and the great benefit which would come to us, would lie in this, that in such use of the world, we do the will of God, and thus prepare for an everlasting "Abiding." "And His love is perfected in us" (4:12). How can that be, is not God's love perfect in itself? Yes, in one sense it is, but in another it is not. Sunlight might be said to be perfect in itself, yet it is perfected when some plant absorbs it, and brings it forth in radiant colors in flowers, or in fragrance that scents the atmosphere for miles. A teacher's power is perfected, when, after its expenditure for years, one magnificent scholar, who thinks great thoughts, and places great ideals before the people, comes forth. A mother's love is perfected when, after throning itself into the vicissitudes of childhood and youth, there comes forth a noble, virtuous, sympathetic soul, that blesses its companions, and helps mankind. Divine love may be perfect,

but it seeks to be perfected, and the channel of that seeking is our poor make-up. That love has been perfected in many sinners, it has been completed in the radiant character of those who "Were lost but are found, who were dead but are alive" through its operations.

Among the Churches

CALIFORNIA.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Park.—A choir has been organized and the services of Mr. Whigam secured as director. Mr. Whigam is leader of the Metropolitan Quartette, and an artist of ability and standing. The securing of him as director was made possible through the courtesty of Mr. Benjamin Curtaz one of the members of Park Church.

Campbell.—Rev. Geo. E. Atkinson, the pastor, has returned from a ten days visit in Riverside and Los Angeles. Mrs. Atkinson and the children returned with him after spending a few weeks in the South with relatives. While there Mr. Atkinson attended the council recognizing Rev. Horace Porter as pastor at Riverside.

Alameda.—At the union Thanksgiving service in this city Rev. L. Hitchcock preached a very strong, excellent and timely sermon which was highly praised. All parts of the service were very admirably sustained, which it is hoped also applies to the collection for the Girls' Training Home.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

At the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity in Berkeley next Monday the Rev. S. C. Patterson will speak on "Poor Adam."

The San Francisco Association will meet in Plymouth Church Thursday December the 9th. Addresses in the afternoon as follows: Beginning a Ministry, Rev. C. C. Champlin; Finishing a Ministry, Rev. L. P. Hitchcock; High Lights on the Ministry, Prof. C. S. Nash. In the evening there will be a Lantern Lecture on The California Missions, by Rev. L. F. Sawyer.

The Bay Association will meet in the North Berkeley Church on Tuesday, December 14. In the aternoon Superintendent Dorland of Southern California will tell of the working of the apportionment plan in the Southern Conference. Considerable time will be given to a consideration of the plan as it relates to the Bay Association. In the evening Professor Stratton of the University of California will speak on "The Fighting Instinct." It is hoped to have an address also by Professor Moses of the university.

CHURCH BUILDING.

Recent word from New York is that 115 churches are asking for $194,000.00—several of them from the Pacific District. Some have been waiting for months. Despite good returns, others must have a similar experience unless Congregationalists largely increase their gifts. Are there one thousand individuals who each will crown the year with a gift of one hundred dollars. What relief this would bring to churches in the struggle of building! And what an impetus to all our work!

The fiscal year will close with December—final report to issue from this office about December 27th. Offerings are coming from various parts of the district, and our hope is that not a church will be found wanting in hearty cooperation with this work. H. H. W.

December 1, 1909.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

Rev. Charles F. Clarke, Correspondent.

Seattle, Plymouth.—Plymouth is making records this fall, the largest attendance at a prayer meeting, the best attended Men's Club meeting occurred one week and the week before 60 partook of the Sunday School Teacher's supper which is held before the prayer meeting, as so many were quite unexpected the success was called "embarrasing." Large congregations assemble in the evenings to hear Dr. Van Horn's Shakespearian interpretations. At the Men's Club Meeting Senator Cotterill read the Outlook Paper on his observations of municipal government in Europe, the address of the evening was given by Mr. Geo. H. Stone of Tacoma on "City Government by Commission," a general discussion followed, the speeches were frequently applauded by the 300 men present. Mr. Thomas Davis, formerly of New York, sang two solos. Mr. Joseph E. Thomas, the President of the club presided.

Spokane.—Rev. D. E. Wilson has been chosen as Superintendent by the Church Extension Society and has begun an active canvas of the city to find places where churches are needed. There are many such places in this growing center, the difficulty will be to decide which are the most important. About the first official acts of Mr. Wilson showed his energy and tact. Some persons without conscience or common sense handed one of our works over to the "Nazarenes," but these people when Mr. Wilson showed them the facts were equally indignant, feel that they had been unwittingly made receivers of stolen property and immediately and gladly withdrew, so there were no losses or ill feelings on either side.

Personal.—Supt. W S. Bell of Montana will preach at Kellogg for a few Sundays. . .Rev. and Mrs. Edwards sailed for Nome, Alaska, where Mr. Edwards will be postor . . .Rev. Tyler Dennett served Pilgrim, Seattle, very ably and acceptibly during Dr. Smith's trip east. . .Rev. W. Thurston Gibbs is pursing the work at Cusic and the Calispel Valley points from West Lake. . . Drs. Mason, E. L. Smith, Van Horn and Dunstan will deliver a course of lectures in the West Side Church. . . Rev. Mr. West of Winona, Minn., has accepted a call to Everett and Rev. C. H. Burdick of Prophetstown, Ills. to Bellingham. . . Rev. Wm. M. Proctor has been chosen registrar of the State Normal School, Cheney. . . Rev. Wm. Hinman will be in Spokane from Nov. 21-28, then he will spend three or four weeks in Oregon after which he will make his head quarters in Berkeley, Cal.

A triple Council.—A very interesting council met in the church at Doty Nov. 16th., consisting of the churches of Tacom, Olmpia, South Bend and Roy and Revs. Greene, Scud-

der and Dick.Though the church had been built about two years it had never been dedicated nor had organization been recognized and as its newly called pastor had not been ordained it was thought fitting to combine the three services so one council was called for the purpose. Rev. Frederick C. Rolls had done work in England under license of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, he was very closely questioned by the council and showed himself well posted on theological questions, a thourough conservative, so without objection his ordination was voted for unanimously. The church was dedicated free of debt. Mr. Doty, from whom the town was named has been a constant friend, advancing money as needed and contributing very large of the lumber and cash needed. Dr. Greene was elected Moderator, the sermon was preached by Rev. S. S. Healey, the prayer of ordination and the right hand of fellowship were by Supt. Scudder, Rev. H. B. Hendley gave the charge to the minister and Rev. J. M. Dick to whose organizing ability and fostering care the church owes so much gave the charge to the people the prayer of dedication was offered by Dr. Greene who was also active in the organization. Doty is another of the churches that have grown out of the efficient work of the Sunday School Society. The church has bright prospects with a building adequate and free of debt and with a pastor to whom the people are already attached. Mr. Rolls will also look after the work at Meskill.

Washington Home Missionary Society.—The regular monthly meeting of the Board of Directors and the Advisory Board was held at Plymouth Church, Seattle, Nov. 17th. More than half the members were there. This body is now also the state Committee on Sunday School Work. Supt. Scudder read his report covering the past month and also spoke of prospects now opening. Supt. Greene gave a comprehensive survey of the work done recently and of the future prospects with special reference to the crippling of the work due to the cutting down of the appropriation to the State by the National Society. It was recommended that if funds could be obtained within the state that the National Society grant leave to employ another missionary to reside in central Washington. This was referred to a special committee. The Board organized with Mr. W. C. Wheeler Chairman, Rev. E. L. Smith Vice Chairman, Rev. Charles F. Clark Secretary, Rev. H. B. Hendley Treasurer. The following committees were also elected: Finance,Messrs. Ewing, Hendley, Burwell, E. L. Smith, Everett Smith Brewer. New Fields, Messrs. Wheeler, King, Short, Moore. Pastoral Supply, Messrs. Clarke, House, Van Horn, E. L. Smith. Evangelism, Messrs. Strong, Cutter,Anderson, Mason. Foreign Churches, Messrs. Healey, Brooks, Ellsworth, Strong, Related Fields, I. E. Alaska and Northern Idaho; Messrs. Van Horn, Burwell, Mills, Ford. It was announced that Miss Sara Loretta Denny's legacy of three thousand dollars (less inheritance tax) had been paid to the society. It was voted to invest this as the nucleus of a permanent fund from which to pay the salaries of the Superintendent and other administrative expenses so that all money coming from the regular church offerings may be **devoted entirely** to the missionary salaries. The next meeting will be held in the Commercial Club rooms, Tacoma, Dec. 6th, at 5:30.

Olympia.—Rev. Robt. H. Edmonds has come to Olympia after a pastorate of nineteen years in Mansfield, Ohio. Mr. Edmonds began his pastoral care of the Mansfield church when it was a struggling mission with almost no membership, he added over a thousand members and in spite of many removals left the church with over five hundred members. The First Church of Mansfield, of which Mayflower was a child, met in a union service the last evening of Mr. Edmond's pastorate. The calendar of the First church and the daily papers of the town as well as his own people expressed their hearty appreciation of Mr. Edmond's nineteen years of service. He leaves with the love and respect of all and the keen regret of his congregation. Since his arrival in Olympia the church has renewed its activity and looks forward with great hopes for the future.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The committee of arrangements for the fifth triennial meeting of the Pacific Coast Congregational Congress, Rev. Luther B. Dyott, D.D., of the First Church, Portland, chairman, the other members being Rev. E. C. Oakley, of the Oregon City Church, and Rev. John J. Staub, of the Sunnyside Church, Portland, have begun the work of perparation for that important event in Congregational circles. July 28, 1910, has been fixed as the date when the congress will begin its sessions. This congress, as is well known, is composed of laymen as well as minister, and correspondence is being planned by the committee with a view of ascertaining who among the prominent laymen and ministers of the East will visit the Pacific Coast next summer, and an especial effort will be made to secure such persons to take a place upon the program. It is probable that the congress will last a week, as has been the case with most of the meetings of this body in the past. Among the ministers who are being thought of in connection with the congress are Rev. S. Parke Cadman, D.D., of the Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. George A. Gordon, D.D., of the Old South Church, Boston, Mass.; Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, D.D., of Chicago, and Rev. Charles R. Brown, D.D., of Oakland, Cal. The last meeting of the congress was held in Los Angeles, Cal., in May, 1906. At that time the next meeting was appointed for May, 1909, in Portland; but the building operations on the part of two of the Portland churches, and the near approach of the National Baptist Convention at that date caused the committee of arrangements to decide upon postponement until 1910.

Upwards of $12,000 have been subscribed for a Y. M. C. A. building in Sellwood, a Portland suburb. Originally a wooden building, 60x100, two stories, was planned. Now it is believed that a concrete structure will be erected.

Rev. G. W. Riggs, pastor of the University Park Congregational Church, Portland, died sudenly as a result of heart trouble on November 22d. He had been pastor of that church more than a year, and was doing excellent work. The church and his fellow workers in Christian service have sustained a great loss in his death. He leaves a wife and three children to mourn the loss of a husband and father. He was greatly beloved by all who knew him.

A hot municipal fight is brewing at The Dalles. For some weeks past Rev. D. V. Poling has been speaking very plainly about the violations of law on the part of liquor dealers, and this has been denied by the parties so charged and the minister challenged to produce his proofs. He

met the challenge by producing affidavits from thirteen minors to whom liquor had been sold contrary to law. The Protestant churches have held meetings for the purpose of organizing a Municipal League, and this will be an important factor in the city election to be held in the near future.

Your correspondent left Portland at six o'clock, p. m., November 17th, to attend the sixth annual meeting of the Pacific Coast Branch of the American Historical Association at Stanford. He arrived in San Francisco Thursday at 9:20 p. m., just two minutes after schedule time—a great surprise in view of the fact that in the four thousand miles he has made since October first, this is the only occasion when the trains he has taken have been on the schedule—varying from thirty minutes to five hours.

Roseburg, Oregon, November 28, 1909.

ELIZABETH'S THREEFOLD THANKSGIVING.

By Pearl Howard Campbell.

It was the Monday before Thanksgiving and the short November day was fast drawing to a close as the judge's secretary laid the freshly typed sheets before him for his approval. She was perfectly certain what would happen next. He looked them over carefully, affixed his big, sprawling signature and then fumbled with a paper, partially concealed in one hand.

"I—er—my dear Miss Beth," he began nervously, " I am going out to my son Robert's to eat Thanksgiving turkey and to make him a little visit. Consequently I shall be obliged to close the office from Wednesday night until the following Monday, thus giving you a needed vacation and myself a little rest. As a slight return for your faithful and efficient service I have ventured to add a small sum to your salary this week. I hope your holiday will prove a happy one."

"I'm sure it will," Beth answered heartily, " and I'm very grateful to you for the kind wish and the gift."

"Er—a trifle—nothing to what you deserve for bearing with the whims of a crochety old gentleman," he answered, crushing her small fingers in his vigorous grasp.

Beth slipped her letters into their envelopes, covered up her machine and presently with ten extra dollars jingling merrily in her pocket, hurried down the street to catch her car. The people surging past her were all intent on their Thanksgiving shopping, and the air was full of laughter and scraps of light-hearted conversation and hints of coming reunions.

"I wish," sighed Elizabeth a little fretfully, "that I was a grandparent, or an aunt, or a cousin, not too many times removed, so that for once in my life I could go to a party and be really thankful. It's pretty hard to work up any enthusiasm over a dinner eaten in a boarding house, even if it is a good one, among people like Miss Caruthers and Bobby Net."

"You are a very fortunate person, Elizabeth Lindsay," declared the invisible monitor. "You work for the kindest, dearest old gentleman in the world. You earn more money than you can spend. What more do you want to be thankful for?"

"Relatives, friends, somebody to ask me to dinner,' straightway came the answer from her other self.

Then almost immediately she thought, "Why, you have kinfolk in this city—father's far away cousins. Since nobody's likely to invite you to dinner, why don't you write to them and invite yourself, just for fun? Beth Lindsay, I dare you to do it."

Secure in the retreat of her rather cozy little room, Elizabeth spread out the big directory and opened it at the "Ls," A careful search revealed three Lindsays—a Mr. Malcolm, a Miss Eleanor, and a Mrs. John. To each of these in turn she wrote a polite little not which read like this:

"DEAR COUSIN OF MINE.—May I come and dine with you on Thursday of this week? I am Elizabeth Lindsay, a stenographer in the office of Benton, Benton and Company. I am all alone in the city and hungry for friends and relatives. If you are dining out, or if this note strikes you as a bit too audacious, won't you please send me a line to that effect?

"Yours sincerely,
"ELIZABETH LINDSAY."

She added in one corner the old Scotch family motto, and after a moment's hesitation adressed and mailed all three of the envelopes.

"If Malcolm and Mrs. John say 'No,' at least I'll have Cousin Eleanor to fall back on. She sounds exactly like a nice old lady, and O' I do hope I haven't shocked her."

During luncheon hour the nert day the telephone rang briskly, and when she answered a clear, boyish voice said:

"Hello! Cousin Elizabeth? This is Malcolm. I got your note I'll be delighted to have you dine with me at the Normandie. Eight o'clock suit you? All right: afterward we'll look in at the opera. And say, if you want references, I've just hung out my shingle as architect. Dr. Burrows of Trinity Church will vouch for me. Think you audacious? Not a bit of it. I don't know a girl in the city and I'll be awfully glad to meet you. I'll call for you about half-past seven. Good-by."

"O, dear" thought Elizabeth as she hung up the receiver, "I hope you'll prove as nice as you sound."

That evening she found beside her plate a note which she opened with a flutter of excitement and read:

"ELIZABETH DEAR—What a clever idea! I am exceedingly glad to know that somebody in this big, lonesome city cares about being friends with me. I dine at the old-fashined hour of twelve, but come at eleven, do. My studio's away at the top of the house, but the stairs are not hard to climb.

"Yours in all sincerity,
"ELEANOR."

"Two dinners in one day," laughed Elizabeth. "I certainly am in clover. The dear people! Now if Mrs. John will only invite me to breakfast the day will be just perfect."

The morning brought another note written in a rounded, childish hand which aroused her curiosity. It had not occured to her that Mrs. John might have children.

"DEAR COUSIN ELIZABETH—(ran the letter) —I'm writing for mother, and she wants me to say that we—there's five of us—will be very glad to have you come to dinner. We are going to have it at five, 'cause Robert and Dorothy

have to work till three. It's going to be a very nice dinner, only mother's worrying for fear you'll mind the patch in the tablecloth. But your letter sounds as though you were nice.

"Your loving cousin,

"MURIEL."

"Bless the child," said Elizabeth softly, "it must be my Scotch second sight that tells me she isn't strong and rugged like the others. I am going to take some flowers and candy. What a jolly day it's going to be."

Cousin Eleanor proved easy to find, and when Beth leisurely climbed the five flight of stairs and knocked at the studio door, it flew open immediately and she caught a glimpse of a charming interior. The girl who advanced to meet her was about her own age. Her brown eyes were very friendly and the slim hand she extended to Elizabeth had little telltale stains upon it.

"So dear of you to come early," she said. "First I want you to get acquainted with my possessions. Then we'll get dinner. Can you cook? We might have gone out for dinner, but I thought it would be a lot more homey to get it ourselves. Besides, I love to show off my table and china."

A wood fire burned cheerily in a grate and there was a table littered with some miniatures of children.

"Those are my bread and butter," Eleanor explained, "but I do these occasionally because they sell very well," displaying a number of water color sketches of children — shy little maids, sturdy boys, and the dearest infants that ever smiled at one from paper.

The kitchen was small and marvelously complete. A fowl was browning in the oven of the gas stove, while vegetables bubbed merrily on its top.

"Your job is to cook the oysters in the chafing dish," Eleanor explained. "I'll show you how, then I'll make the gravy. I adore cooking."

When the feast was finally ready two excited girls faced each other at the pretty table with its rare old china. "It's the jolliest dinner and the most thankful one I've ever eaten," said Elizabeth finally, as she finished her pudding, for the festivities ended all too soon and the girls separated with many plans for future good time—Eleanor to look up a small subject and Beth to make her way to Mrs. John's.

When, laden with candy and flowers, she paused before a shabby cottage in the suburbs, she heard a skurry of childish feet and a suppressed "O' goody, she's come at last." Then the door opened, and she was nearly buried in the embrace of two pairs of arms belonging to a sturdy little boy of seven and a slight, undersized girl of eleven She walked with a limp, this Muriel of the big blue eyes, and she work a shabby little frock and her wealth of bright hair was tied back with ribbons that had been many times washed. But she was as gay and light hearted as a song sparrow. The room into which she ushered her guest was very homelike and cozy, though the furniture was old and worn and faded.

Mrs. John came in presently, and Elizabeth heard the story of the past seven years—the struggle to keep the little family together and the slow, sure winning of success, now that the older children were at work.

"It was pretty hard," said the mother softly, "yet we always had enough to eat and something to wear. I am thankful for that."

"Enough to eat and thankful for it," Elizabeth repeated to herself, "while you, Beth Lindsay, were blue and mopy because you hadn't more friends."

"You are Muriel's especial cause for thanksgiving this year," said Mrs. John. "She has always sighed for cousins and when your note came she was too happy for words. There are the other children now. I will leave them to entertain you while I finish dinner."

Getting acquainted with this interesting family of young folk proved such a delightful occupation that Elizabeth half regretted the engagement with Malcolm wich forced her to leave so soon. Still, the afternoon was a merry one and she left with a promise to return soon.

"There are things I can do for that family, plucky and independent though they are," she said to herself, " and it's going to make me very happy to do them. I'll tell Eleanor and she'll help too. Now for my nice boy."

When Elizabeth with her pretty evening gown hidden beneath a long coat tripped down the stairs at precisely half-past seven, she found waiting before the door a trim runabout and in it a boy whose frank gray eyes and friendly smile completely disarmed suspicion.

"You are a sure-enough Lindsay," she said, catching a glimpse of his flaming hair as he bent to tuck her in.

"Say, do you know I thought of that right away?" he laughed. "I knew it would be my best letter of introduction. It's awfully jolly to be going out to dine with you. I've been here six months and you're the first girl I've had a chance to talk to."

He chatted on in his frank, boyish fashion, telling her all about his home and his sisters, his plans for the future and his work, until Elizabeth felt as if she had known him for years.

He eyed her a little suspiciously when she only made a pretense of eating the elaborate dinner he ordered and at last said:

"What's the matter, Cousin Bess? You don't seem to have a very healthy appetite. Aren't you hungry?"

"Who would be after eating two other Thanksgiving dinners?" laughed Elizabeth. "Malcolm, I'm a fraud."

Then she told the story of the day, beginning with Eleanor.

"I never dreamed you'd all accept," she explained, "but when you did, I couldn't bear to disappoint any one of you."

"Well, I am mighty glad you didn't," was Malocim's comment. "Suppose you'd cut me out! I haven't had such a good time since I left home. Beside, I am interested in that little crippled girl. My sister Alice was deformed too. I am going to look her up. Then we'll see, we Lindsays, what can be done. Next year we'll have a family reunion. Here's to future good times and a united clan."

He lifted his coffee cup and touched it to Elizabeth's, and together they drank the toast which proved a happy omen.

"I am glad," said Elizabeth to herself when the evening was over, "that I dared—O' very glad indeed." Then she quoted softly:

"Who joy would win, must share it.
Happiness was born a twin."

Because the remaking of our cities is in the air these days—a remaking which holds health and beauty paramount—there could hardly be an article of more general and popular interest than the "Study o fthe New Plan of Chicago," which Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, has prepared for the January **Century**, with discussion of "city planning" in general. Chicago's "Plan," the fruit of thirty months' research and study by business men and experts in many lines, presents a com-

plete ideal of civic conditions which unite beauty and dignity with permanent convenience and economical use of all forces, human, mechanical, and animal, contributing to the total welfare and efficiency of population.

Mr. Walter Camp, whose articles on American sport are to be a feature of the coming year of **The Century,** is, perhaps, generally thought of by the American public as a successful strategist of Yale's foot-ball elevens. In New Haven and at Yale he is regarded mainly as a high-minded gentleman who is giving his time freely to improving the tone of amateur athletics in America—always placing personal character and high standards of sportsmanship first, and the actual winning of victories second.

Our Young People

HOW HE WAS BOUND.

"I wish I were as free as you are," said Morris to Earl. The two young college chums were having a confidential chat one evening. One of them was kept at college under certain very strict conditions. His father would support him there only as he observed the reqired regulations as to class standing, expenses, athletics and other matters. The other student had money in his own right, and was under no outside restriction. It seemed to Morris that Earl had the most perfect liberty imaginable. "You can do exactly as you please," he said, with a shade of discontent in his tone, and a great deal of envy.

"Well," said Earl, in reply to all this, "I am free only in a way, you must remember. I am bound, too, as truly as you are, and as strongly, every bit."

"I don't see how," grumbled Morris, sceptically.

"You know," said Earl, seriously, and a little sadly, "that my father is gone, and that my mother leaves to me the control of my own money; but my father bore an honored name, and wished his son to uphold it. My mother trusts me utterly. Morris, I am honor-bound to do right, and to make the very best of myself while I am here, and always. I am not free to please myself. It seems to me that there can not be a stronger bond than to be honor-bound. I should hate myself if I broke through that; and that wouldn't be comfortable, you know, since I have to live with myself always."

Morris looked up quickly. "I hadn't thought of things in that way before!" he exclaimed. "Why, as to that, Earl, I'm honor-bound, too."

"I think you are," said the chum, quietly.—The Friend.

THE LITTLE TREE.

In the middle of the wood stood a great pine-tree, with a baby pine at its foot. The mother pine was so tall that she could look over the heads of all the other trees, but the little one was not larger than the ferns and yellow violets that grew around it.

"Stand up straight, my dear," said the old tree.

"Yes, mamma," said the baby pine, "you always say that."

"Of course," said the mother pine. "How I should feel if you grew up with a crook in your stem! I knew a little tree once that was not careful to stand straight, and so all its life it bent to one side. One night there came a great wind, and the crooked tree went down with a dreadful crash; and it carried with it an owl's nest that was built in its top, and broke all the eggs. Just think of that! Now, if you will do as I say, you will grow up a tall, straight pine, and the jolly little sunbeams will call on you first in the morning and stay with you longest at night."

"I will try my best, mamma," said the good little tree, and it drew itself up. Now it happened to be Arbor Day, and the children were hunting for a tree to transplant.

"Oh, look here!" called Violet. "Here is a dear little pine, and it is just as straight as an arrow!"

"So it is!" said the other children. "This is just the one for us." Then they dug up the tiny tree and planted it beside the school-house with due honors.—Exchange.

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

His cap is old, but his hair is gold,
And his face is as clear as the sky;
And whoever he meets, on lanes or streets,
He looks him straight in the eye.
With a fearless pride that has naught to hide,
Though he bows like a little knight,
Quite debonair, to a lady fair,
With a smile that is swift as light.

Does his mother call? No kite, or ball,
Or the prettiest game can stay
His eager feet as he hastes to greet
Whatever she means to say;
And the teachers depend on the little friend
At school in his place at nine,
With his lesson learned and his good marks earned
All ready to toe the line.

I wonder if you have seen him, too,
This boy who is not too big
For a morning kiss from mother and sis,
Who isn't a bit of a prig.
But gentle and strong and the whole day long,
As merry as boy can be;
A gentleman, dears, in the coming years,
And at present the boy for me.

—Harper's Young People.

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